

Scared?

by EternalSnow96

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Summary: Okita sneaks out to seek the pride he once had. However, he doesn't think about how it will affect other people. OkitaX Chizuru. Rated T for blood and language!

## 1. Scared? Part 1

**\*\*Hello! This is EternalSnow96, and here is my first story posted here ^^ I hope it is good. I came here to enjoy myself and improve so criticism and reviews will be loved! Thank you very much and I hope you enjoy the story!\*\***

The rain began to fall near the base of the Shinsengumi. It was not calm...it was violent almost. It fell heavily, thunder and lightning following one another in the distance. Of course, maybe it was better it wasn't calm. The solider thought this now as he walked across the now muddy road, it wouldn't be very...suiting he supposed, it didn't seem right.

His steps were staggered due to his is left sandal being broken and causing him to slip when the mud and water got in it. Fatigue was obvious as the man slouched and thick fog emanated from him with every heavy breath he took. He shivered, this was nothing like the warm bed he was used to nowadays. Blood fell as a trail, he had injured his hand earlier and the bleeding had yet to stop even after using his headband as a makeshift band-aid.

He seemed miserable...but, despite this, a smile was plastered upon his face. He got to wear that blue haori again, that uniform of honor he missed so. His blades clicked as he walked when they hit against his hip, just hearing them, made him content, he had not seen them for ages now. Maybe, this pride was only understandable by him, but being allowed to fight was his only wish. He decided the pain he had now was worth the experience he had today.

\_Almost home, \_he thought to himself. Even though he had enjoyed

himself, some rest would be to be welcomed. However, he seemed to want to avoid the comfort of his room now as he cursed to himself when the entrance to the base came into view.

There he was, the man he had hoped not to see now. The man's raven hair and purple haori kept the man from believe he had mistaken the person...it was Hijikata...not even the gods could save him now. He saw the man turn, there was no way he didn't see him. He began to walk towards the man now...actually, it was more like a mad charge. It was obvious that Hijikata was upset, his brows furrowed and his mouth formed a scowl. He reached the distance where he and the man could make eye contact, those violet eyes burning with rage.

"Damn it, Souji! What are you doing?"

\_Great, this should be fun, \_Souji thought. A smirk placed itself across Okita's face.

" I think it is obvious what I am doing. I am returning from our mission, same as you were."

Hijikata was fuming, that is what made it enjoyably fun for Souji.

" You were supposed to be in bed, that was an order straight from Kondou and I! Before we left you were running a high fever! Why the hell did you leave after you were given orders!"

"Well, I can't let you have all the fun! It makes my skin crawl knowing you are hogging it all!"

Hijikata's rage could not be contained at this moment, and Okita was continually adding gasoline to it. He needed something else to say, something else to hold against Okita! Anything to give him the advantage! He looked down to find what he needed. He grabbed Okita's bloody hand and squeezed it until he say Okita winced.

"And you got injured to! You are the biggest idiot I have seen! Why-"

"Hijikata-san~." Okita cut him off by drawling his name out in an almost sadistic tone which matched his smile horribly well. "If it upsets you that much, I will be sure to stay at the base." Hijikata gave a surprised look.

"Well, goo-"

" However, I don't want to hear a complaint if I get bored and a few soldiers go missing. I wouldn't want to become rusty simply because you are over-protective."

Hijikata sighed, he should have known there would be something added to dismiss the approval. He attempted to subside his anger, there was no use in trying to solve anything now...what was done was done...but that didn't mean he was satisfied with the outcome! He trembled as he held all his rage inside, he didn't know how much this amused Okita.

"Go inside, to your room. Chizuru will bring you dry clothes and treat you there."

Okita laughed as he passed Hijikata. But, there was still that unnoticed anger that often was present in him when Hijikata opened his mouth.

"Yes, Mommy-san."

Okita sat in his room, still wearing his wet clothes, he wasn't sure when Chizuru would come. He didn't want to sit on the bed while still wet, so he sat in the corner of his room on the floor. He tried to stop, but he continued to shiver, he was very cold, he really wished he had some dry clothes so he could huddle up in the blankets and sleep till the morning. The sun had fully set now, which only made him more tired.

His hand was still bleeding too, he had set his hand on his lap on top of his uniform to keep the blood off the floor. He sighed. Really, he shouldn't have gotten that injury, it was stupid that it happened. The idea of the whole thing being fun seemed to have faded as he thought more. Tonight was almost too much for him, his body couldn't stand that much stress...and he hated to admit that. He used to be able to a simple task like that and so much more. If he wasn't ill, it would have gone smoother. Looking to the side of his room, only he knew what he was looking at. Maybe, things would have been better if-

His thought was interrupted by a knock on the door. He stared at it, waiting for a voice...when it didn't, he spoke up.

"Yeah, come in"

The door slid open. A young girl entered, her hands full of what she needed. That was odd, she would always say it was her then ask for entrance. She came in saying nothing and giving a simple quick bow to show welcome. Her brown eyes avoided any contact with the emerald ones that were Okita's. It made Okita uncomfortable, but he simply blew it off and allowed his sly smile to crawl across his face.

" Ahh~ Chizuru-chan has honored me with her presence again I see."

Chizuru just nodded and began to shut the door behind her. Quiet, he didn't like it. He came to feel even more awkward. He shifted. He needed something-he saw the items. A cup of green tea, bandages, and dry set of night wear. She carried it all in at once, must have been a hassle with the tea being on a tray with medicine also.

"Why did you carry them all at once, excited to see me, Chizuru-chan~"

" I was in a hurry" Chizuru replied as mono-toned as possible.

Okita's smile disappeared as he was taken aback by the reply...there was no blush, no overreacting...just...that. He had never heard her tone like that, towards him, that was. Was she mad?

She came over and reached for his hand. She refused to make any eye contact still. Okita sighed, of course she was upset. He watched her clean and bandage the wound, he had no clue what to say. When she finished, she continued to hold his hand. Seeing her like this made

Okita hurt, but he had no clue what to do. He began to pull his hand away to avoid anything else to hurt him or Chizuru, obviously, he had done enough.

"Thank yo-"

She pulled his hand back towards her, refusing to let go. Okita attempted to pull it again, only to have Chizuru bring it back. He looked at her now.

"Why did you leave, Okita-san?"

Okita stayed quiet. What should he even say? He still worried he would cause more harm than help if he said anything. He felt her hands shake, then tighten as though they were trying to hide the fact she was shaking. It was painfully tight, Okita grimaced.

"C-Chizu-"

"I was worried about you!" That tone, he had not heard this one either. She then finally looked up. Okita's eyes widened, tears were falling endlessly as she began to choke up while she repeated his name under her breath. Those brown eyes...so lonely and frightened...what was this? He had never seen her like this. "I scared, scared you got hurt! I was scared-" Her tears caused her to stop, she left Okita's hand to wipe the tears and cover her face. "I was scared you weren't coming back!"

## 2. Scared? Part 2

\*\* Finally! I am able to do part two. It has been written for awhile...my computer just decided to commit suicide! Well, here is part two and there will be more parts! Part three is ready to be typed, I just am really tired T\_T. Thank you so very much and I apologize for the wait! Please enjoy!\*\*

Okita sat still as the frail figure wept in front of him. His emerald eyes expressing his shock vividly. ...Scared? Worried, over him? Why? No matter how hard he thought, he couldn't grasp why she would say that...why would she care? He was just another visit, another person she saw through the day, another person she had to smile for...why she crying over him? It bugged him, to see her upset and to know it was his account. He didn't like seeing that smile gone, those eyes red and swollen from tears. It was his fault too. He couldn't stand the guilt, it ate at his heart. What was he to do though? He didn't know how to cheer her up. Where was Harada when you needed him? What should he-

He reacted unconsciously. His bandaged hand trembled as he forced it to sit on top of Chizuru's head. Chizuru moved her hands to reveal her face again. She seemed confused, almost confused as Okita. Her head naturally cocked to the side now.

"Oki-"

"No" Okita interrupted. He didn't want to hear that tone, he despised it.

"I" he hesitated as he forced words to come out, he bit his lip. "I-I'm sorry, Chizu-chan." He had no clue of what else to say. However, he was afraid that wasn't enough...it didn't sound like much. No matter how sincere he was when he said, it sounded so hollow, it didn't feel like it amounted to much. What else could he say then? Was it wrong that he said anything? Maybe he was just stupid.

A smile...she was smiling...soft laughter even followed accompanied the smile. He watched as she wiped tears from her eyes.

"I'm sorry too, Okita-san." She said. She then lifted herself from the floor and headed toward the clothes that she had left folded near the door. Okita simply watched, a dumb-struck look upon his face. She set the close in front of his face, her soft brown eyes looking at him. "You probably want to get out of those wet clothes" A look of concern then panic came across her face. "You're shivering! I am sorry for making you sit in that state!"

How?- No, he wasn't going to ask why, she was happy again. At the moment, he didn't care how or why, he was content with seeing the smile reappear on her face. He lifted himself off the floor now also. He was cold, unbearably, warms clothes were very welcoming. He reached out his hands to receive them.

" That sounds nice, thank you."

Immediately, a devilish and ornery smile came across his face. He placed the new clothes down on the floor. Purposely, he began to strip his haori off his body, allowing his chest to be shown more than what naturally is. He watched as Chizuru's cheeks became a deep crimson as she looked in shock. She slowly backed up against the sliding door.

"O-Okita!"

He feigned a flirtatious tone as he also faked confusion.

"What is wrong Chizu-chan~. You did tell me to get dressed, did you not?"

"I-yes-but!" Chizuru desperately tried to grasp words that wouldn't turn on her. Obviously, she found nothing. She bowed hastily and turned to the door. "I'm sorry!" The door shut abruptly.

Okita couldn't help but laugh! He loved making Chizuru embarrassed, it was thrilling to watch her squirm. She was so cute~. He finished changing and sat himself back down, lazily throwing his damp clothes into the corner behind him. He was happy, happy to see that side of her again.

A pain struck him and caused him to force his eyes open. Now that they were open, he naturally scoped the environment. The chirping and the calm left him to guess it was night time. Confusion struck him. Did he fall asleep?... he couldn't remember...he was in bed though, covered even. He couldn't get his eyes to concentrate, his head throbbed. His head...he was still running a fever it seemed and it also felt like it had gotten worse. The pain came again, making it obvious that it was his chest that was bothering him. His breaths came out shallow. Did he have an attack, he was sure he would

remember if he did. He quickly was disgruntled by his disorientation, he closed his eyes hoping he would fall asleep again. His body had no intention of doing that, his eyes opened again.

They had been attracted to the dim light that the candle radiated. A shadow sat on the wall, his eyes locked onto their new target. A silhouette, a slender-figured silhouette to be exact. He blinked. It had changed into a mass then returned to it's original form. Who was it? He let out a heavy breath. Something cold and damp was placed on his forehead, a cloth? It felt nice, but it also brought Okita more curiosity. Who was here? His eyes continued to wander and wander, till they locked on the their own kind. Soft brown eyes, the eyes of a young girl.

"Chizuru?" His tone made him sound like he couldn't believe it to be true. His feverish hue covered his blushing, he probably sounded foolish.

A gentle smile came across her face. "Good to see you up, it is late to be though."

The bags under his eyes showed he was still tired, but pain kept him from sleeping peacefully. He grew curious due to Chizuru's earlier statement.

"What time is it?"

"I'm unsure. Maybe the beginning of a new day, maybe the night of the same. You have only been sleeping for a few hours though."

"I see." It was comforting to see Chizuru here with him, it was a odd support or reassurance to him. Still, he began to wonder how long she had been up with him? A few hours, that was obviously the answer...but, how long was a few exactly? She looked tired. She had been up for awhile before then too. He felt bad for making her wait around for him, she should go to bed-

The pain struck him again, with more intensity this time. He tightly gripped his chest, almost embedding his nails into his skin. He held his breath without realizing it as it came out in a gasp. Through all of the sudden excitement, he frantically held in a cough that had almost slipped out.

"Okita!" A hand now laid on his own. A worried look sat on the young lady's face as her lips sat parallel to each other while her mouth was agape.

Okita gave a weak smile.

"I'm fine, really." He allowed the question to be his escape from the present conversation. "Shouldn't you be sleeping? You are in charge of breakfast tomorrow."

The expression that came upon Chizuru's face made it obvious she had entirely forgotten about herself and her job for tomorrow. She panicked as she began to speak to make up for her look of chocking realization.

"Oh, yeah, but, it is ok! I mean-"

Seeing she was getting no where Okita allowed himself to interject.

"Are you meaning that you were going to blow off breakfast just to entertain me and meet my every need, Chizu-chan?" His smile became mischievous. "I am flattered~ But, you must think of the others. What would they think if you were to see you left them for me? My, my, there would be rumors!"

Chizuru turned scarlet, how that shade complimented her cheeks. She stuttered.

"I-no-I...I mean yes, but not-"

"Souji-san, I am coming in." A new voice came. The door slide open to reveal a man clad in black, it seemed he was still in his normal uniform. There was proof that he tried to change though, his head band was not upon his head and the belt on his waist had been slightly loosened. A curious bow come from him, his violet eyes met with Okita as he raised himself back up. "I apologize, I did not have time to change."

Okita heard a quiet sigh of relief come from Chizuru, he chose to ignore it. He gave a wave to Yamazaki. He lifted himself up from the bed, leaning on his side towards the door and supporting himself on his elbow. He allowed the cloth form his head to fall onto the futon below him.

" It is fine. However, there was no reason to come."

" I was beckoned by Hijikata-san to come as soon as possible. I think that is a good enough reason to come."

Okita scoffed. "Since when did we listen to mom?"

"If you do not listen to "mom", it eventually means that it will reach "dad"...must we make it come to that?" Yamazaki's words came off as mocking and cold, they were irritating Okita. Still, he simply laughed it off.

"Geez, Yamazaki-san. You still are no fun, huh?"

It seemed like Yamazaki took that as a compliment as a smile graced his face. He then changed his eye contact to Chizuru.

"It is late, you may go to bed. I can take care of Souji."

Chizuru hesitated, she looked to Okita. Okita waved his hand as though to shoo her away.

"Go sleep, you need it."

Chizuru quickly nodded in approval, her drowsiness finally getting to her. She then lifted herself up from her spot. She gave a smile and a slight bow.

"Good night, Okita-san."

"Good Night, Chizu-chan."

There was a quiet sliding then the door closed. It was now just Yamazaki and him.

### 3. Scared? Part 3

**\*\*New chapter! I am glad to finally be typing these and how fast they are getting done! This one is...sad T\_T I apologize But, I hope there was no quality lost though and I hope you enjoy chapter 3 ^^ I still have to write the next chapter so it may take awhile! Thank you very much!\*\***

Okita watched as the man moved across the room. He lifted himself up to the sitting position just to realize he was just as shaky this way. It wasn't a very noticeable shake though...it couldn't even be considered a tremble.

"You really do not look well, Souji. I suggest you lie down."  
Yamazaki said. At some point, he had turned around and was now facing Okita.

Yamazaki was always saw the simplest details...then again, he was a spy, it was his job. Still, he didn't enjoy being analyzed, especially while he couldn't judge his own body because of his disorientation. Okita sighed, his head still bothered him. He leaned forward, allowing his head to rest in the palm of his hand while he massaged his temples. He angled his view to still be able to see Yamazaki. He was preparing the medicine in the corner of the room. He worked so quietly...all Yamazaki ever was was quiet...he was like Saito in a sense. Okita laughed at his wandering mind, but still let the thought roll through. How long was it since he last had seen Saito? Actually, when was the last time he had seen anyone besides Yamazaki, Hijikata, or Chizuru? He had never actually realized how lonely he was until now...all he was allowed to do was lay in bed and sleep. Thinking about all of this only gave him another reason not to regret leaving the base today. He had made Chizuru sad, and he did feel guilty for doing that...but, he still would do it again if he had the chance. No matter what, nothing could compare to the feeling of being an actual part of the Shinsengumi again.

"Souji-san"

Okita almost jumped. Yamazaki now sat beside him, by the look on his face it was obvious he had sat there for awhile now. Okita had let his mind run and forgot about reality. He looked down to the cup of green tea and the medicine that Yamazaki held. He took in and gave a slight bow as an apology. He quickly swallowed the medicine, trying to avoid the taste. It failed, and he gave a look of disgust as he chugged his tea to rid himself of it. That medicine's taste would probably kill him before the actual disease did, he couldn't stand it!

Yamazaki still analyzed him thoroughly. Okita knew he was taking in everything, the flush of his skin, the drooping eyes, he was sick as always. He watched silently as Yamazaki placed a hand upon his forehead, seconds later taking it back.

"You are still running a fever, it is higher than what it was earlier today...that is most likely from being out in such unfriendly weather." He grabbed the cloth that had began to leave a water spot



on the futon and set it back into the bucket of cold water beside him to soak. "May I asked why left today?"

Okita smile showed slight irritation. Why in the world would Yamazaki ask questions that he knew the answer to? Did he really want to tick him off? Since when did Yamazaki have the right to start such a meaningless conversation?

"To have some fun of course. Surely you understand how boring it is to just sit here all day."

"You got yourself injured and more ill having "fun". I would much rather you sit here bored and get better than go out and have "fun" and get yourself in this predicament. You are actions today were very foolish."

Okita's brows furrowed as he let out a deep breath as a way to vent and suppress his anger. The cup in his left hand and the bandaging on his right kept him from balling them into fists. Since when did Yamazaki give such an attitude? His smile grew darker then transformed into a frown.

"You are really starting to piss me off."

"That was my intention," Yamazaki replied sarcastically. " You are still ill. I suggest you lie down and get some rest, you are in no condition-"

" Don't look down on me! I can still fight and I swear I will kill you if you say anymore!" Okita had snapped. He began to catch his breath from the yelling. Yamazaki gave a look of surprize at Okita's reactions to his words. This was to be expected, Okita had never yelled at him before, just as this is the first time Yamazaki had ever acted the way he did. Perhaps it was out of concern, but that didn't matter to Okita! There was no way he or any other samurai would accept being insulted. He wasn't weak...he wasn't...he wasn't!

"Okita-san, I-"

"Shut up!" Okita growled. " I am tired of hearing it! I'm just as strong as I was before! Nothing has changed." He felt his breath become constricted, but continued on. "Everything is just like it was, I-" His words stopped. "I-" He tried to force them through but failed. His body stopped, the cup clattering to the ground as he fell forward quickly setting his hand out to support the weight. The scarlet that fell was quickly absorbed by the snow white futon. Violent coughing followed and caused Yamazaki actions to become more pertinent. Like any concerned doctor, he was instantly at the side of Okita supporting him with a firm grip up on the shoulder.

The fatigue he had tried to fight since Chizuru and Yamazaki then took control. Okita's arms gave out as the world began to spin and his balance was lost. He was caught by the arms of Yamazaki inches before he the floor. With someone giving reassurance, Okita became concerned with getting the air to return to his lungs. After a few minutes, the attack had passed, Okita still limp.

Yamazaki moved his body without struggle and laid it gently on the bed. Okita forced his eyes to open as he watched Yamazaki set the

covers back on him and lean towards the bucket of water, pulling the wet cloth out and laying it on Okita's head. Okita almost couldn't make out even the features of Yamazaki's face now, all he could make out was a frown. He watched as Yamazaki bowed.

"I'm sorry Okita-san." Yamazaki looked away. "But, please, understand what is your limit. Your body can only take so much before it is-"

Okita forced himself to turn to his side and face the wall. He was tired, he didn't want to fight or even listen to anyone anymore. He was angry, mostly at himself. He listened as Yamazaki gave a sigh which was followed by the sounds of him moving about.

"Sleep well, Souji-san. I will check on you tomorrow, if I am needed before then, do not hesitate to call for me."

A breath was heard and the candle went out followed by the closing of the door. Okita only company now was the moon's dim light that sneaked it's way through the thin material of the door. His anger began to boil once again!

"Damn it!" He whispered. He slammed his injured hand into the ground. It began to throb, but he could care less, he would consider it punishment for his body failing him.

It wasn't fair, he never wanted any of this! But still...-his mind began to lose his trail of thought. His eyes closed themselves. Whatever it was that he was thinking, it would have to wait for another time, he didn't want to think and his mind wouldn't let him...he welcomed sleep. The night wrapped him in a bitterly cold blanket as he drifted off.

End  
file.